NEW DEUTSCHLAND

THE GREAT PASTURE PAMPAS OF SOUTHERN BRAZIL.

HOW GERMANS ACQUIRE THEM.

THEY ALREADY OWN ONE-FOURTH OF THE PROPERTY.

In the Death Harbor of Santos-The Great Coffee Port-Up the Brazilian Mountains by Railrond-Bird's-Eye View of Baby Republic.

(Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, March 8, 1899.—
I came in a royal mail steamer from Montevideo to Santos. I was warned by the captain and passengers that the yellow fever harples were hanging over the town.

At the town of Pelotas alone 300,000 oxen are and was urged to continue my voyage to (Copyrighted, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

zon valley is a great lowland plain about as wide as from New York to Cleveland and as long as from Philadelphia to Denver, sloping gently from the Andes to the Atlantic. It is covered with forests, but much of it is healthful, and on the Amazon itself the weather is cool for a great part of the year.

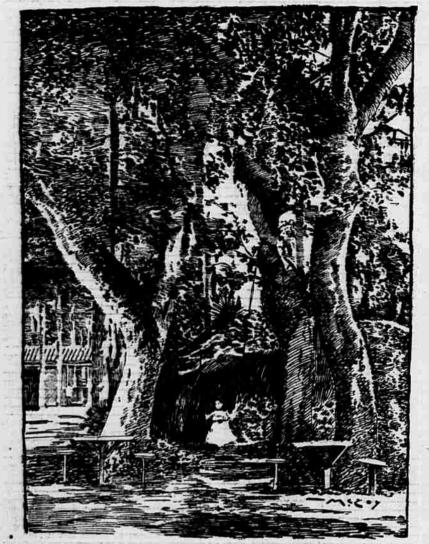
South of the Amazon valley are highlands, some sterile and others afflicted with terrible drouths. Just below the Amazon valley they are having a drouth now, and the ships of the Brazilian government are carrying the starving people to the rubber camps of the Amazon, where they can get work.

Below this there are other great plains, varying from 900 to 3,000 feet above the sea and having a climate in which white men can live. Upon these plains there are rich farms. Many parts of them need only a slight cultivation to make them produce.

Southern Brazil.

The southern half of Brazil is the most healthful part of the country. There are regions near here which are as healthful as any part of the world. I am now a half mile above the sea, and this is the nature of most of the land of this region. There are about 1,500,000 people in the state of Sao Paulo. The state of Minas Geraes, just above here, has 4,000,000 people, and just below is the well settled state of Rio Grande do Sul.

Rio Grande do Sul is an agricultural



PRIVATE GARDEN SAN PAULO

Rio de Janeiro and come back to Southern Brazil by rail. I took the chances, how-ever, and still live. I spent a day or two in Santos, and thence came over the coast mountains to Sao Paulo, the biggest city of Lower Brazil. Sao Paulo is the coffee metropolis of the country. It is one of the richest cities of South America, and it is growing as fast as any town on our hemi-sphere. In 1870 it had 14,000 inhabitants. population, and it now has about 200,000.

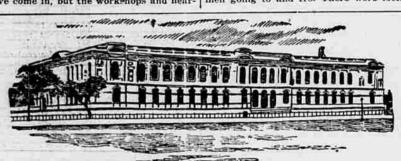
The World's Baby Republic.

Before I begin my tour through Brazil I want to give a general idea of the coun-

Before I begin my tour through Brazil I want to give a general idea of the country. It is the baby among the world's great republics, the biggest infant in the international animal show. Brazil is less than ten years old as a republican government, and to what it will grow no one can tell. It has twenty-one states, some of which, like this state of Sao Paulo, are growing so rich and so powerful that they may break off from the main body politic and become republics themselves. Each of the Brazilian states has its local politics and politicians, its people are full of state pride, and the federal union has not the strength that it has in other South American countries.

Brazil is so vast and its sections are so far apart that without better railroad and telegraphic communications it will be impossible to manage it well from Rio de Janeiro. I have written something about Matto Grosso. That state is one-sixth the size of our whole country. How long do you think it takes the federal officials to get to it from Rio de Janeiro? It requires more than a month by steamboat. The distance is 3,80 miles, for one must go clear around by Montevideo and up the Paragusy and other rivers to reach its capital. Cuyaba. It takes a month to go from Rio to Manaos, the capital of the chief province of the Amazon, and Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, is as far away from Rio almost as it is from the United States. I tell you, this is a big country. It is the Russia of the South American continent. It is as big as the United States without

manure out of the refuse.
Rio Grande do Sul has a number of cities in which are street railroads, colleges and daily newspapers. In the town of Rio Grande there are five daily papers, in Porte Alegre six and in Pelotas four.
There are good banks run by Englishmen, but nearly all other businesses are managed by Germans. There are German stores, cigar factories and breweries, About one-sixth of all the inhabitants are Germans, and on this account the country has been called West Deutschland. Of late a large number of Italians and Portuguese have come in, but the workshops and near-



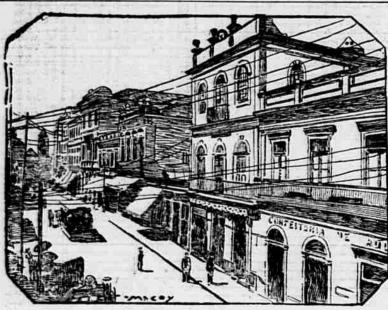
ly all the export trade are still in the hands of the Germans, and they own, it is said, about one-fourth of the property. In a quarrel between Brazil and the kaiser, this state might easily break away and demand

state might easily break away and demand German protection.

The climate of Rio Grande do Sul is about that of Washington city. In January, midsummer, the thermometer goes up as high as 199, and in the winter month of July the ground is often covered with snow. North of Rio Grande do Sul are the states of Santa Catharina and Parana, both of which will some day be populated by Europeans. They are very similar to Rio Grande and have vast undeveloped areas.

areas.

Above these states lies Sao Paulo, one of



STREET IN SAN PAULO.

Alaska and our outlying possessions. It ranks fifth among the great countries of the world. It is longer from north to south than from Pittsburg to San Francisco, and wider from east to west than from New York city to Sait Lake. It comprises about haif of all the land of South America, and it has in it more than half the people.

The best parts of Brazil, a state which furnishes nearly all the coffee that is consumed in the United States, and one of the richest states of the world. It is at Sao Paulo, the capital of this state, that this letter is dated. Sao Paulo is almost all high. There is a low strip of malarious land along the coast. Back of this is a range of mountains about 3,00 feet high,

nishes nearly all the coffee that is contout the world. It is longer from north to south than from Pittsburg to San Francisco, and wider from east to west than from New York city to Sait Lake. It comprises about hair of all the land of South America, and it has in it more than half the people.

A Portuguese Continent.

We look upon South America as a Spanish continent. It would be just as proper to call it a Portuguese continent, for Brazili is Portuguese and its 18,00,000 popped peak the Portuguese language. The Brazili is Portuguese language. The Brazili and and the character and the recontract of the recovery of the first time running their country for the memelyes, and that upon republican methods.

I find Brazil far different from what I supposed it to be. Many of you look upon it as a wast lowland forest with here and there a coffee plantation or a rubber grove, and all around and everywhere the Shost of the yellow fever. The real Brazil is this only in spots. It is an empire with soft and productions equal in their value to those of the United States, and a climate in many parts as salubrlous as that of any part as of our country.

Brazil is by no means all flat. The Ama-

coffee exports run into many millions a year it has a large revenue. The City of Sao Paulo.

I like Sao Paulo. It is a live, wide-awake city, with good buildings and fine stores. The people evidently spend a great

awake city, with good buildings and fine stores. The people evidently spend a great deal of money. The hotels are fairly good, and there are signs everywhere that the Paulistes are slive and not kicking.

Come with me out on the streets and take a look at the town. It is early morning; the children are just going to school. There are bright faced little girls without hats and little boys with hats and bare legs. They are trudging along, with their books in bags on their backs, over the cobblestone streets.

Here come the street cars. They are painted red and are drawn by mules. What a lot of them there are. They go in groups, one car following another, until a long train has passed. Some of the cars are loaded with freight. They are second class cars and have two seats only, at each end. A man with a basket cannot get into a first-class car, and people going to market-no one but servants go to market here—have to use the freight cars. There comes a car loaded with newspapers. We meet newsboys on every corner, and we learn that Sao Paulo has a half dozen dailies.

What a lot of negroes there are! They make me feel as though I were in Wash-

learn that Sao Paulo has a hair dozen dailies.

What a lot of negroes there are! They make me feel as though I were in Washington or at my home in Virginia. The faces of many of the business men show African blood. This is often the case, for the color line, as far as marriage is concerned, has not been drawn tightly in Brazil. Here come three colored men now. They are laborers on their way to work. I listen to them as they pass. That yah! yah! is just like the laugh of our dark-skinned Americans, but the language they are using is Portuguese, and though the laughing goes on, as we listen we can't see the jokes.

ce the jokes. Let us go out to the suburbs. The houses Let us go out to the suburbs. The houses are as fine as our own. Some look like American houses, and I learn that one of the best belongs to an American, who is a high official on one of the railroads. The public buildings are especially fine. They are equal to those of any state capital of our country. I doubt if we have a college building which will compare with the normal school of Sao Paulo, and the palaces of the government are quite up to some of the great buildings of Washington city.

But let me describe my visit to the har oor of death. It was through it that I came to Sao Paulo. Santos is said to be came to Sao Paulo. Santos is said to be one of the unhealthiest cities of the world. It is seidom free from yellow fever, and at times the very sailors in the harbors are decimated by this dread disease. One line of steamers has bought an island some distance out to which its men go while the ships are loaded. Some other ships do not allow their men to go on shore, and during the hot season it is really dangerous to an extreme.

The town of Santos is right under the The town of Santos is right under the mountains. Our ship wound this way and that as it sailed out of the Atlantic into the wide deep harbor. The water was of a bilious green, low hills and islands covered with thick woods lined the shores and smoky forbidding clouds hung low over the city resting there as it were like a pall. All nature was gloomy, and the surroundings made me feel as though I were in a valley of death. The air was soft, moist and warm. Our steamer moved slowly-in, rising and falling with the waves, the very engine making a muffled sound on the soft still air.

As we came nearer we could see colored

engine making a mumed sound on the soft still air.

As we came nearer we could see colored buildings lining the shore. Some were shaded by palm trees, their long fan-like leaves hanging listlessly and despairingly down. Closer still and we were in a forest of masts. The harbor was filled with them, and among them were ships from Norway, England, Italy and the United States. They were all loading coffee and we could see scores of negroes carrying great bags of coffee from the shore to the ships. The ships were anchored along a grande wharf, and the men walked up on planks carrying the coffee. On the other side of the wharf were long warehouses, from where the coffee

and the men walked up on plants carrying the coffee. On the other side of the whart were long warehouses, from where the coffee was brought to the steamers.

We cast anchor some distance out from the shore, and I arranged with a barefooted Portuguese to carry my luggage from the ship to the custom house and thence to the station. We rode in his little boat up, and down the harbor. The water was like glass. It was a steel blue, and from it came a smell like that from a barrel of water grown sour by being left out of doors in the sun. As we sailed the boatman put his fingers to his nose and remarked: "Yellow fever." Upon which I showed him some silver and urged him to hurry. He did so and we finally came to the shore.

ONE OF BRAZIL'S NORMAL SCHOOLS. peddlers everywhere and negroes without number. Santos has about 25,000 people, and it is one of the best business points on the Atlantic coast. It has a trade of between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year, and is visited regularly by twenty lines of ocean steamers. It is the port for a large part of Southern Brazil, and among the goods being landed I saw rice from India, cod from Newfoundland, coal from England and pine from the United States.

The bulk of the exports is coffee. We went by warehouse after warehouse filled with coffee. There was a loud smell of coffee in the air, and through the open doors I could see bags of coffee piled up on all sides. In some half-naked negroes were shoveling the green berries from great piles upon the floor into bags, drops of jetty perspiration standing out upon their black skins. At other places women were sewing up the bags for shipment. Here men were sorting coffee, singing at their work, and there they were carrying in the coffee bags on their heads.

were sorting conee, singing at their work, and there they were carrying in the coffee bags on their heads.

We had to keep close to the walls to avoid the wagons filled with coffee which mule teams were dragging through the streets, and upon the wharves I saw the coffee bags lifted from the railroad cars

by great swinging cranes and dropped into the ships. the ships.

We passed several restaurants on the way. I went into one and asked for a cup of coffee. It was brought to me without cream, in a little white cup not bigger than an egg cup. I tasted it. It was good, but it was as strong as lye, as hot as liquid damnation and it only cost me a cent.

Up the Mountains of Brazil.

After we were through with the customs xamination I went to the railroad depot. Here I took tickets for Sao Paulo and was carried up over the mountain on one of the best railroads of Brazil. It has the monopoly of the coffee transportation from Sao Paulo to Santos, and it sometimes pays dividends of 50 per cent a year. The cars are of the American style, with an aisle in dividends of 50 per cent a year. The cars are of the American style, with an aisle in the center. I had to pay as much for my trunk as for my ticket, and find that all baggage is charged for by weight.

Leaving Santos, we first passed through a banana estate, in which the tall plants were bent over by their great bunches of yellow fruit. We next burst into a jungle of tropical vegetation. On both sides of the road were thickets so dense I could not see twenty feet from the track. Here and there tall trees rose above the thickets, and these trees were loaded with orchids of all sizes. The orchids seem to choose the dead these as their favorite homes, wrapping themselves around the gray limbs and making them green again. Further on there were forests in which there were millions of orchids. You could have filled a big wagon at almost any place, and could have had all you wished for the taking. The trees are covered with these orchids, the largest branches bending down with their weight. The forest here is tropical, the woods being bound together with creepers and vines.

TRAINLOADS OF DIRT GETS ANOTHER START IN LIFE. FIRST STAMP POSTAGE Alfred Dolge to Become Manager of

A GIGANTIC STEAM SHOVEL AND THE WORK IT DOES.

How the P. & G. Is Carrying Away the Cliff at the Foot of Locust Street-Hitching an Engine to a Plow-Unloading.

on the fourth floor of the court house the ther day. He was looking in the direction of the river, and his gaze was so in tent that several other lawyers soon gathered around him and looked too "Somebody must have fallen into the

river," said one.
"No, it's this side of the river," said another. "It's just about where the P. & G. tracks go through a deep cut." "Train has run over someone," said

"That's what I thought at first," the first spectator, "but you see they're standing too quiet for anything of that kind. There seems to be a crowd on both sides of the cut and they're looking down nto it. But dozens of them are sitting down so that there can't be anything so very exciting. There must be an engine in the cut-see the thick black smoke ris-

ing from it." Probate Judge Guinotte, whose office is on the fourth floor of the court house joined the crowd about the window and deepened the mystery by saying: "Something funny about that crowd. I've noticed hundreds of people there every day ticed hundreds of people there every day for davs and I've never been able to make out what it's all about."

Then, the nucleus of the crowd at the window having been well formed, the outer circles began to close in rapidly. Several fresh spectators squeezed up to the window, peered out wildly and without stopping to ask questions, demanded.
"Has the ambulance been sent for?"
Finally the first lawyer decided to walk five blocks and satisfy his curiosity. The

ALFRED DOLGE

a Felt Manufacturing Con-

cern in Chicago.

manufacturing industry and founder

Dolgeville who failed a few years ago, is

about to begin life anew. He will become

manager of a large felt manufacturing

concern to be started in Chicago, in which P. D. Armour is said to own a controlling

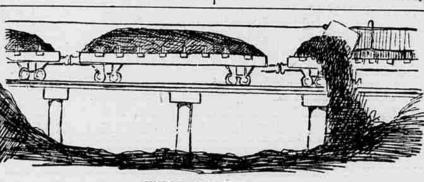
There he will take up again the work

much as he did when he came to this part of the state, a poor immigrant, years ago. He had little money, but knew more about felt and its manufacture than any man in

felt and its manufacture than any man in the country.

The end of the litigation caused by Mr. Dolge's financial difficulties was reached yesterday when the supplementary proceedings brought by several New York firms were ended, and Dolge showed that he did not have a dollar left.

A year ago Dolgeville, with its 3,000 inhabitants, was one of the busiest and hap-



UNLOADING THE CARS.

nearer he approached to the crowd the faster he walked, and as he got within a block of the cut he noticed that tons of earth had been falling from the top of the embankment and that great earthquake fissures ran here and there through the clay. Saying to himself that it was a landslide that had perhaps buried people in its sudden catastrophe he hurried to the edge of the hank the edge of the bank.

Stepping cautiously on the cracked earth, he looked down.

Fifty or sixty feet below him was a steam shovel loading dirt onto flatcars. That was all. But he had never seen a steam shovel at work before, so he stood and watched it. The great steel monster was eating into the tall cliff and swinging its mouthfuls of dirt onto the cars like a glant elephant. Every time it rooted into the elephant. Every time it rooted into the clay bank it emptied a wagonload of dirt upon the car. It required a fraction less than three minutes to load a car, and as fast as one was alled the engine attached to the end of the long string of cars moved the next one under the big shovel and kept slowly moving until it was filled from one

slowly moving until it was filled from one end to the other.

In this way 5,000 carloads of dirt have been hauled from the foot of Locust street in the last sixty days. In that time an average of six trains a day of twelve cars each have drawn away from that clay bank with their long, mound-ake loads of dirt. All these tons of earth have been used to fill in trestle works between the Armour packing plant and the Missouri river. Two long stretches of trestle fifteen or twenty feet high have been built into solid embankments of clay.

The object of the P. & G. in doing this

The object of the P. & G. in doing this excavating is twofoid—to make room for more vardage and sidetracks, and to strengthen and make permanent the trestle works in the West bottoms.

Many have seen a steam dredge at work, but a steam shovel is somewhat more of a curiosity. The stationary engine that runs the shovel is mounted on a covered flatear which stands on a temporary side track extended within a few feet of the bank that it is desired to remove. About six feet from the side track is the main track with its long train of flatears standing ready to be loaded. The shovel is a huge steel box with flat, tine-like forks on the lower side of the front end. It is attached to the end of a great seesaw beam that is worked up and down by means of a prodigious chain running over a pulley. Two men control the various levers that operate the shovel. The big beam with the shovel on the end ducks down to the base of the cliff, roots into it and then gradually raises, filling with dirt as it does so, and then swinging around until it is directly above the flatear, when a slight pull on a rope detaches one side of the bottom and the wagon load of dirt falls on the car. About six shovelfuls fill a car. As the cliff is thus undermined at the bottom it tumbles down from the top in great avalanches that shake the ground for yards around. This loose earth is then picked up by the shovel and the undermining begins again. Many yards of this deep cut, nearly two blocks in extent, have been carried away to the river bottoms.

Once yesterday the shovel struck a snag in the clay bank. The big beam creaked and groaned, the engine coughed hysterically, and at last, the mammoth chain parted. The broken link was soon welded together again and the work went on. Once also in scooping up the loose earth near the main tracks, the flat steel prongs of the shovel got under the rails and lifted the track for nearly a block several feet into the air. The object of the P. & G. in doing this excavating is twofold-to make room for

the air.

shovel got under the rails and litted the track for nearly a block several feet into the air.

The unloading of the cars is even more interesting than the loading. The engine that hauls the train of dirt to the bottoms, an ordinary freight engine, is hitched up like a horse to a great steel plow that runs from one end of the train to the other, as fast as a man can walk, throwing the dirt on both sides. Only one trip is necessary. Every bit of dirt is thrown from the cars. The "plow" is just the width of a car and about half the length or a little more. It has steel running boards at the side like a sleigh. They are kept from running off the edge of the car by the short, heavy oak pins that are fixed in the car sockets at intervals of four or five feet. The plow is always on the last car. A steel cable, like the Metropolitan street railway cable, is attached to it and carried to the other end of the train, where the engine is uncoupled from the train and the steel rope fastened to it. Then, at a signal, the engine is uncoupled from the train and the steel rope fastened to it. Then, at a signal, the engine is uncoupled from the train and the steel rope fastened to it. Then, at a signal, the engine is uncoupled from the train and the steel rope fastened to it. Then, at a signal, the engine of uncoupled from the train and the steel rope fastened to it. Then, at a signal, the engine to move down the line of cars, making then, when every bit of slack has been drawn out of the steel cable, the plow begins to move down the line of cars, making the dirt pour off in heavy, thundering streams on both sides. From two to three minutes is all the time it takes to unload an entire train. Hundreds of men with hand shovels would have to work for hours to do it.

"It's amazing," said the conductor of the train, "what enormous amounts of earth

"It's amazing," said the conductor of the train. "what enormous amounts of earth can be carried away from a cut like that without making any great impression. Several hundred men might have worked at it for six months with picks and shovels without doing half as much as we have. This method is not only a great saving in time over the old bick and shovel method, but it is cheap. It costs the company 30 cents a yard to build those trestles. They last only about six years, when built. This clay filling will last fover, and it is costing the company only 9 cents a yard."

Every day men, women and children gather on the banks of the Locust street cut and watch the shovel at work. Old time section hands wander by watch it a minute or two and go away with a wondering shake of the head, saying: "That beats the old way all hollow." "It's amazing," said the conductor of the

Li's Long Head.

From the Washigton Star.

"Do you think that Russia and Great
Britain will disarm?" asked the AngloSaxon caller.

"Really." answered Li Hung Chang, who
of course, does not understand elegant distinctions in English. "I don't know that
it makes much difference to me what they
do with their arms, so long as their legs
remain in pulling distance."

plest communities in the country.

In April last the crash came. Then the mill wheels stopped, the workmen were thrown out of employment, and to-day Doigeville is almost a deserted village.

Mr. Dolge will not discuss his new venture in life. His friends are nopeful, however, that he may regain the fortune he lost. It is said here that some of the wealthiest capitalists in the country are behind the Chicago venture, and, with their abundant faith in Mr. Doige, will try to put him on his feet again.

A HISTORIC HOUSE.

The Daughters of the American Revolution to Restore This Old Building.

This is a historic house on the Brandy-wine which is to be restored by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Chester county, Pa., chapter of that order is enlisting itself especially in the cause, and Mrs. John A. Logan is one of the most Mrs. John A. Logan is one of the most active and sympathetic workers in this movement. This old building was the headquarters of General Fraser during the battle of Brandywine, and beneath its roof Washington, Lafayette and other distinguished generals of the Continental army held conferences. This house is situated upon a small knob of land, three miles



HISTORIC HOUSE OF THE REVOLU-TION TO BE RESTORED.

west of Westchester, and within a few hundred feet of Deborah's rock, a famous resort for Indians in the earlier days of this county. It was built in 124 by Ablan Taylor, who had settled along the Brandywine as early as 1702, and the walls are yet in a good state of preservation. The bricks with which it is built are set endwise, and the window frames, which are all quite small, are made of lead. The descendants of Revolutionary soldiers in Chester county are taking an interest in the matter, and, with the aid of Philadelphia chapter, it is hoped that this old landmark may be placed in such condition as to insure its preservation for many years. to insure its preservation for many years.

GOVERNOR ROGERS' NOVEL.

The Work Is Autobiographical-The Scene Is Laid in

om the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Governor Rogers has received the ad-vance sheets of his work of fiction, "Looking Forward; or. The Story of an American ing Forward; or, The Story of an American Farm." The work will be illustrated by Peter Boeringer, of the Atlantic Monthly, and is being published by a Tacoma firm. The work is in a sense autobiographical, and the scene is laid in Kansas.

Dewey Is Knitting in the Sun.

From the Chicago Post.

They were discussing the details of a projected county exhibition of fat stock, poultry and crochet work.

"I think" said the chairman, "that all the preliminaries have been attended to."

An angular man in the back of the hall steed " An angular man in the back of the hal stood up.
"Have you invited Dewey?" he asked.
Instantly all was confusion. It was a terrible oversight, but one man's fore thought saved the day.

Then How Could Girls Say "Yes"? From the Indianapolis Journal..

From the indianapolis Journal.

"By the way," asked the young person.

"who was it said that a low, sweet voice
was a most excellent thing in woman?"

"Sounds like Shakespeare," said the
Savage Bachelor, "but he ought to have
known better. The height of excellence
would be no voice at all."

His Mild Suggestion. the Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Slicer—"I was reading the other day that there are 800 ways of cooking po-Mrs. Slicer—"Yes."
Mr. Slicer—"Well, my dear, don't you think that if you tried hard you could learn one of them?"

· Caught by the Catch.

From the Chicago Tribune..

"When I went over to France I couldn't make anybody understand me, and yet my French teacher had told me I spoke the language like a native."

"Did he say you spoke it like a native of France?"

"N-no."

Embarrassing.

From the Washington Star. From the Washington Star.

"You know in our country," said the eminent Chinaman, "it is considered the height of courtesy to present a man with a burial casket."

"Yes," answered the young emperor, "but these relations of mine are becoming altogether too polite."

PARIS SET THE FASHION AS FAR Classified Ready Reference Binghamton (N. Y.) Special to New York Press.

Alfred Dolge, former head of the felt BACK AS 1653.

> A Counters Suggested It to a Mar Whom the Mail Privilege Was Ruining-Not in Common Use Until 1840.

Prom the New York Press.

Though the use of postage stamps dates back 250 years, only a few collectors can show specimens made earlier than the present century. The custom of attaching postage stamps to letters did not become general until after 1840, and no one tried to collect the few varieties in existence before that. Some of them now would have

before that. Some of them now would have a value thousands of times greater than their original seiling price.

What probably were the first postage stamps were brought into use by the first postal collection and delivery system, which was introduced in Paris in 1853. In that year King Louis XIV. granted a privilege to a municipal dignitary named Belayer to establish letter boxes in various sections of Paris, he to collect the letters deposited therein and to charge a given fee for their delivery. The deal applied to local letters only. All mail for the outer world had to be handled in the primitive way then existing.

letters only. All mail for the outer world had to be handled in the primitive way then existing.

Belayer put up a series of boxes and organized a force of collectors and messengers in short order. But right at the start he encountered a difficulty which threatened to land him in bankruptcy. He had made no provision for the advance payment of the fees for his service, and soon found that most of the recipients of the letters refused to pay for them. He was in a serious quandary, and for a time discontinued the service. He could not afford to station a man at each letter box to collect the tolls, and no solution to his problem came to him. Finally one day when he was discussing his hard luck in the garden of the royal court he announced his determination to give up the privilege. The Countess de Longueville had been interested in the conversation, and, with that vehemence that always distinguished her noble family, she protested against the amateur postmaster's decision.

Countess' Suggestion.

Countess' Suggestion. "No, no, my dear chevaller," she said, "you must not think of abandoning so important an innovation. The service will soon become indispensable to all who can not for one reason or another get about to communicate with others in person. Con-sider the lame and the sick, think of those who are detained in cloisters and con-vents and places for punishment, and more

who are detained in cloisters and convents and places for punishment, and more particularly have some regard for the lords and ladies of the court, who are on their feet all day in the service of the crown, but have no opportunities to carry on their little amours. You have found no way to gather in your recompense in advance, but I will give you the recipe. Attention. You print a lot of little certificates with a special design. Each one you will sell for the price you charge for one letter. Pay a small consideration to a shopkeeper near every letter box for selling the certificates for you, deliver only such letters to wnich one of the certificates is attached, and your fortune is made."

Belayer's eyes snapped with joy. He jumped to his feet and, stooping gallantly, kissed the bejeweled hand of the lady. The stamps which he soon had out, he called "Billets de Ports Paye." They wege like little labels, and were attached to the letters by means of wafers, one of which was supplied with each stamp sold. Blank spaces were left in the printing for the date of mailing, which served for a cancellation mark, and had to be filled in by the sender. The scheme met immediate success. How long it lasted and what caused its downfall is not recorded. Possibly the whim of a ruler was responsible for its discontinuance. At all events the system fell into oblivion 100 years later, postage stamps in general was made by and with it the use of postage stamps.

The first serious attempt to introduce the little kingdom of Sardinla in the year 1819. The certificates were thin sheets of paper to cover letters, which invariably were folded in a uniform way and size. There were no envelopes in those days. The edges of the paper bore the watermark "Dirizione Generale delle Regie Post." The emblem was a rampant warrior on horseback and the respective values of the stamps were indicated at 10, 25 and 50 centissime, 10 centissime equaling 2 cents in American money. These were replaced by vari-colored wafer stamps the following year, which cents in American money. These were replaced by vari-colored wafer stamps the following year, which remained in use until 1836. The first to follow the example of the Sardinians was Great Britain, which established its postage stamp industry in 1840. Concurrently with its adoption of penny postage in that year the British postoffice issued stamped letter wrappers for the first time. The penny wrapers were printed in black ink and those for two-pence in blue. The square eection of the wrapper intended for the address was decorated with an allegorical design by Macready, emblematic of Britain's world-wide commerce. Under this appeared "Postage One Penny," or twopence respectively. The first regular postage were issued in the year following, the values being the same—one penny and twopence. The designs, which showed the bust of the newly crowned queen, were in constant use without change in color, size or style until a change was ordered by Victoria only a few years ago.

Brazil adopted postage stamps in 1843, Geneva followed in 1844, and Finland in 1845. The United States went into the business in 1846, and the specimens still extant of that first issue are all but priceless. Russia fell in line in 1849 and France resumed her interest in the subject in 1849, almost 200 years after her first experience with it. Belgium and Bavaria followed suit that year, and Austria, Prussia and Saxony began printing and selling stamps in 1850.

Body Said to Be Bullet-Proof. From the London Daily News.

From the Loudon Daily News.

Dr. F. Moreno, the commissioner of the Argentine Republic who is now in this country in connection with the arbitration over the boundary dispute with Chile, has brought with him to London, I hear, a plece of the skin of the mysterious quadruped which is said to exist in the interior of the territory of Santa Cruz, in Patagonia. According to the reports of the Indians, it is a strange creature, with long claws and a terrifying appearance, impossible to kill because it has a body impossible to the properties of the mossible to the mossible t

No. Hotel Men Are Getting Generous From the New Haven Register.

It cost Boston, it seems, only \$24 to entertain the president in his recent visit. The Hub is becoming economical in its old age.

Hard Times for the Baron. From Unsere Gesellschaft.



He-"To what circumstance do I owe it, madam, that you recognize me after two years?"

She-"Why, baron, you are wearing the "Why, baron, you are wearing the wearing two years ago!"

Business Directory

Guide

KANSAS CITY MERCHANTS.

AMMUNITION, GUNS AND REVOLVERS J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Company,

ATHLETIC, BICYCLE AND SPORTING GOODS. J. F. Schmeizer & Sons Arms Company,

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ROBES. Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Com-pany, 810 Walnut, 'Phone 118. CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM

James Morton's Sons, 1024 Main. DRY GOODS-WHOLESALE.

Smith-McCord Dry Goods Company, Seventh and Wyandotte. 'Phone 1423. ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION. The B.-R. Electric Company, 613 Dela-

FURNITURE AND BURIAL CASES-WHOLESALE

Abernathy Furniture Company, 1501 to 1525 West Ninth. 'Phone 125. GUNS, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS. J. F. Schmeizer & Sons Arms Company, 710-12-14 Main.

HOME DETECTIVE AGENCY. 422, 423 and 424 N. Y. Life bldg., tel. 1484; uniformed patrolmen furnished day and

HORSESHOERS.

ight.

John Nevins, 1127 Grand ave. Tel. 1113. Courtwright & Stippich, 110 East 8th st. JEWELERS - MANUFACTURERS AND

WHOLESALERS. Edwards & Sicane Jewelry Company, 614 Keith & Perry building. 'Phone 1207.

LITHOGRAPHING.

Bankers & Merchants' Lithographing Co., telephone 2500, 613 Delaware st. Letter press printing and blank books.

LUMBER. John M. Byrne Lumber Co., 17th and Wyoming sts.

Pacific Coast Lumber and Supply Com-

OPTICIANS-RET IL. Julius Baer, 1030 Main street. PAINT-WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John A. McDonald Paint and Glass Co., 22 and 530 Delaware street. RUBBER STAMPS, SEALS AND STEN-

CILS. Scotford Stamp and Stationery Com-pany, 723 Wyandotte st. Catalogue free. RUBBER TIRES FOR CARRIAGES.

K. C. Carriage Rubber Tire Co., 218 R. Fifteenth street., Tel. 1365. TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS.

E. J. Gump, up-to-date goods; lowest prices. 821 Main st.; Junction. Tel. 1275.

TYPE FOUNDERS. American Type Founders Company, 612 Delaware street.

Great Western Type Foundry, 710-12 Wall street. WALL PAPERS-WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

F. M. DeBord Wall Paper and Paint Com-pany, 1104-6 Walnut street. 'Phone 1999. MASONS ON PIKE'S PEAK.

Unique Masonic Ceremony That Will Be Celebrated in

August. DENVER, COL., April 8.-Ancient Free and Accepted Masonry above the clouds. This is the shibboleth of every Masonic chapter in the West. Seven hundred and fifty candidates for degrees in Cryptic Rite Masonry are to be obligated to Masonio secrets on the top of Pike's peak in August, and the Royal Arch Masons of Kan-sas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Colorado propose to participate

in the unique proceedings.

In short, Colorado is to be besieged by Masons this summer. The mystic followers of King Solomon propose to swoop down upon the Centennial state in August and ere hold high carnival for ten days in Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Crip-

ple Creek and Victory.

With the visitors will come more than

ple Creek and Victory.

With the visitors will come more than 500 candidates for degrees in Cryptic Masonry. These will be joined by perhaps 250 Colorado candidates for the same degrees on the top of Pike's peak, and in the Cave of the Winds, and in the Garden of the Gods, as the candidates themselves may prefer or their health permit.

The first special trains, equipped with commissary cars and musicians, and carrying hundreds of Royal Arch Masons from the different states named, together with the grand officers of Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, and the general grand officers for the United States—all with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, will leave Kansas City on August 7. The entire expedition is to be under the management of Edward W. Wellington, of Elisworth, Kas., thrice illustrious master and grand principal conductor of the work of the grand council of Kansas. Dispensations have been granted authorizing Elisworth council No. 9, Royal and Select Masters, under the grand jurisdiction of Kansas, to receive and ballot unon petitions and to lead the "pledglings" into the silent folds of Masonic brotherhood, unon the top of Pike's peak, in the Garden of the Gods, or in the Cave of the Winds—the candidates simply being obligated at the places named while the degrees themselves are to be exemplified in Denver's magnificent Masonic temple with full paraphernalia. All Royal Arch Masons receiving the council degrees during the carnival will have their Masonic temple with full paraphernalia. All Royal Arch Masons receiving the council degrees during the carnival will have their Masonic temple with full paraphernalia. All Royal Arch Masons of this degree in Wyoming to form several councils of Royal and Select Masters in the Cryptic rite Masonry in the various states participating and to create enough Masons of this degree in Wyoming to form several councils of Royal and Select Masters in that state.